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STOP IT, MR. VAN COTT.

It has been discovered that a number of robberies have been committed on the streets of this city. Efforts have been made to detect the thieves, but with no success. Even Postmaster Van Cott on several nights patrolled the streets in the district worked by the thieves, hoping to get on their track.

There cannot be too much solicitude felt over a thing as serious as this. The obligation of transmitting from one citizen to another communications which are entrusted to the mail is of the most sacred character. When it becomes apparent that official guarantees for the safe conduct of such matter cannot be assumed it is time for a community to become alarmed. Business interests, reputation, happiness and one's purse are concerned in the safe delivery of the mail. There can be no peace of mind without it.

It is disturbing in the extreme to learn that these repeated robberies are taking place and that the robbers have not been apprehended. It is important enough to call for extraordinary measures. Every letter-box in town should be watched, if necessary, and scores of detectives put at the work. If a small band of thieves can carry on a scheme of plunder like this, then our detective body is not what it should be.

UNSUBURBABLE ACTION.

The action of the New Orleans Grand Jury in failing to find indictments against the men who instigated the Parish Prison lynching, places this Government in a most uncomfortable position. The Grand Jury's justification of its finding appears to be because "the act seemed to involve the entire people of the parish, so profuse in their sympathy and extended their connection with the affair." Sympathy should never be taken into consideration when facts are presented. It was not the business of the Grand Jury to consider sympathy at all. The instigators and leaders of the mob were known, and there was no lack of evidence that they had committed violence. There was proof enough for indictments, and the innocence or guilt of those indicted should have been left for the petit jury to decide. The whole complication is worse than ever before, and Mr. BLAINE's position is anything but enviable.

DUAL GROGGERIES.

The peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain are not "blue ribbon" men, as a rule. The degree of aristocratic interpenetration may be conjectured when excessive inebriety is expressed by the proverbial phrase to be "as drunk as a lord." It is a little startling, however, to read in a blue-book just published by the English Government, that 1,500 "gin-mills" in Albion are owned by 150 peers.

What a bond of union between the noble and the plebe! The collier's hap-penings for "art'n'rat" go to swell the princely incomes of such blue-blooded dukes as DREY, PORTLAND, RUTLAND, DUDLEY, NORTHERLAND, DEVONSHIRE, BEDFORD and others of the same kindred.

Nay, more, and *prok pudor!* a Bishop is on the list with two groggeries. Oh, my Lord of Llandaff, sell out to the dukes!

The American Citizens' People's Rights Association, which is composed of colored men, protested in Convention yesterday against President HARRISON's failure to recognize their race. It is claimed whatever offices they got have been in the South, where they could render service by sending delegates to National Conventions, but in the Northern States they are entirely neglected. The colored man is beginning to get a better insight into politics.

The small orphan of the Newark Asylum are literally "bagged" when they misbehave themselves. It does not seem to be a very fearful punishment to let an unruly boy up in a clean bag. It keeps him out of mischief and doesn't injure him any. Perhaps it does him good. There is no room for indignation over this treatment of the bad orphan.

The Ninth National Bank officials appear grieved over the fact that out-of-town customers have withdrawn deposits amounting to \$600,000. It is hard to understand what else they could have expected. The whole conduct of their establishment has not been the best to insure confidence, and depositors are justified in not taking unnecessary chances.

Chili is tired of war and would like to get into quieter waters. Both Government and insurgent forces are used up and sick of the struggle. The best thing Chili can do is to let the United States, Brazil and

France settle the dispute by mediation. They are Republics and will have proper feeling and calm judgment to guide them.

Straws are fair indications of the direction of the wind. The split over PARKER at the Municipal Council of the Irish National League last night is powerful evidence that the controversy across the water is brought to a close Home Rule will receive small assistance from America.

Good for the Ladies' Health Protective Association. It has won a victory in stopping the cause of the unhealthy odors on the east side. The residents in that vicinity owe these earnest women a debt of gratitude.

Senator STANFORD is going to see whether or not America can make as good champagne as France. It will cost him a lot of money, but what is 'gold when National pride is at stake.

President HARRISON has become quite a speech-maker, and is turning complimentary sentences in a way which should win the heart of the woolly West.

The woman is progressing. Yesterday at Parkersburg, W. Va., a girl threw herself in the river and rescued two young men who were unable to swim.

The Anarchists with torch and dynamite are again starting Europe. These pests of society deserve no quarter. They should be eliminated.

There is no just reason why the Metropolitan Museum of Art should not be open to the people on Sundays.

Recorder SMYTH is proving himself a match for the District Attorney and his young assistants.

SPOTLIGHTS.

The cost of the suit is not essentially connected with Spring lamb.

When a glass eye is substituted for a dead one it is one "blind" taking the place of another.

The principle of some bankers' interest is interest in the principal.

"To do the front rows always place your hand behind your back and also."

"To tell the girls who high hats wear how wide is on the ground," said he.

The Platters of this State do not hold the best that is served to the State.

That was a model lady who left the table because the lettuce appeared as a salad.

"Old Hatch" said he was twenty-one, and so free to go without anybody's permit. "Old Hatch" was used to getting away with a majority.

The corks men in leaving Froth, the boss coker, were only showing the result of Froth's aim.

When the corks are best there is the loud cry for more.

There is a certain moral truthfulness in certain insurance companies styling themselves assurance association. They have no such assurance.

WORLDLINGS.

It is the boast of Dr. Gallinger, the new Senator from New Hampshire, that he has set type in nearly every newspaper office north of Mason and Dixon's line and between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. His political career began in 1864, when he was elected to Congress.

Milagro Gorge, the little prima donna who is an actress and a singer, is only ten years old. She is thin, white and pale, but her voice is wonderfully fine and she is a clever emotional actress.

Hercules Chilton, who has been appointed to succeed John R. Reagan as the State, is but thirty-three years old. He is said to have a great deal of ability and is an eloquent orator. He comes from a Virginia family famous in politics.

A Missouri man, whose name is withheld from the public, offers to furnish the World's Fair management with "Hilly the Kid's" famous and deadly gun. Hilly was only twenty-one years old when he died, but the stock of his gun contained twenty-one notches, one for each year of his life, and he was a member of the weapon's victims.

Nearly one-fifth of the entire population of the United States live in the fifty chief cities, which have a population of over 11,000,000.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Turtle and the Katydid.

"Dear Turtle," chirped the Katydid, "what makes you so slow?"

"Oh, Katydid," the Turtle cried, "why don't you shove your legs?"

You are slow and silly, morning, night and noon.

"Walk slowly," said the Turtle. "Katy, make haste and be quick to which I walk especially to go."

"Sing other songs," asked Katy. "Why, 'twas nature made me so."

I cannot sing another; 'twas the only song I know."

So, both contending nature knew just what she meant to do."

The Turtle went on crawling; Katy chirped the song she had learned in St. Nicholas.

The Last Meeting.

We met at dinner. I wonder what our last meeting will be like. I hope it will be a happy one.

Alas! 'twas a cruel deed of fate That brought us together then!

And the look in his eye as he bowed For he was the sunny creature Who had been the sun to my life.

Miss Paynt.

As not a true is she. With her head and her paint: But however true she is, I know her companion ain't.

Much Worse Off.

From Harper's Bazar. Ragged—Don't beg there. There folks is use of them we are.

Beary—Don't show it. Ragged—Oh, I know 'em. 'T'ye tryin' to cut a dash on \$4.00 a year and five children to feed.

She Was Green.

From Harper's Bazar. "My husband is the dearest, most considerate man in the world."

"How does he show it?"

"He shows it by his face. He looks like a green apple and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."



M. QUAD.

"Look In Yer Bute."

I saw four or five gamins surrounding an old chap at the Bridge entrance the other day, and as he seemed to be in trouble of some sort, I stepped up and inquired what it was.

"He's lost a circle!" shouted one of the boys, in answer.

"I hain't neither!" added the old man. "I've just went and lost an all-fired big silver dollar through this infernal hole in my pocket!"

"Didn't your heart drop?"

"Don't remember. When I was back there a piece something kinder fell kerching on the planks, and a minute later I heard a kerplash way down in the river, but I didn't think it was my old dollar. Must ha' bin, though."

"Have you looked along?"

"Bin lookin' for more'n an hour, but can't find it."

"That hain't much for a man to lose," observed one of the boys.

"It hain't, hey?" he smartly answered.

"Might not be if I was worth ten millions, but when a feller is thirty-two miles from home and hain't got another red, the case is different. This comes of my squashing down around here to see this old suspended bridge when I ought to have taken the noon train for home. I just felt all the mornin' as if I was goin' to make a fool of myself, and I've finally done it."

"Sure you didn't spend it?" I queried, feeling that he needed consolation.

"Spend it! Jest you look a-ther! See that hole in my pocket—big 'nuff to shove my fist through! I changed that dollar from this pocket to that when I was feelin' for my knife, and she's lyin' on the bottom of the river at this very minute!"

"Look in yer bute! Look in yer bute!" shouted the smallest gamin of all as he stood off and pointed to the well-worn and badly wrinkled cowhide.

"Taint no use. If it was in there I'd have felt it rubbin' my ankle bone. I'll look though."

He sat down on one of the benches and tugged and pulled and grew red in the face, and the boot finally came off with "ah-nuff!" which could be heard thirty feet away. He tipped it up, and lo! the missing dollar rolled out, to be greeted with a wild yell of delight.

"Waal! by goah!" chuckled the old man as he grabbed for it. "Sild right down my leg and I never felt it! Gone and wasted a hull hour and got the hull town excited, and it was in my boot all the time!"

"I was the one who told you!" shouted the little one.

"So ye was, sonny, so ye was; and I'll show ye that I kin appreciate a faver. Here's a hunk o' lickernish I was takin' home to the hired man, and it's all yours and welcome. This 'ere dollar goes right down into my coat-tail pocket, and here's a pin to pin her in with, and I'll now walk around a little and see how this suspended bridge is suspended over my feelings! To jump from the shoulder of cold despair right into a hundred cents inside of two minutes makes me feel as weak as if I had bin run out of the barnyard by a crazy steer!"

Making Her Proud.

He was a carpet-cleaning man and he had solemnly agreed to have everybody's carpet cleaned and sent home by Tuesday.

He sat in his basement office Tuesday afternoon when a woman entered and curtsy demanded:

"Well?"

"You are Mrs. Blank, of Second avenue?"

"I am."

"Your carpet was to be delivered this morning."

"It was, and it's now 3 o'clock!"

"Mrs. Blank, I'm sorry to be obliged to inform you that—"

"Your wife is dead, or you had a fire, or the machinery broke down? Those are no excuses, sir."

"Certainly not. The trouble is that your parlor carpet got mixed up with one belonging to a nabob on Fifth avenue and we haven't got it back yet. The wagon has just gone after it. We sometimes get these elegant fabrics mixed up in spite of all we can do."

"Oh! That was it? Went to a nabob's, eh? Well, Mr. Renovator, I know you must be worked and worried almost to death, and if you get it around to-morrow it will be all right."

He Wouldn't Promise.

He was leaning against the door of a saloon in Houston street when a benign-looking old man came along and turned aside to ask:

"Is this a place where men's souls are destroyed, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Sell the stuff here which blithely like a serpent and stings like an adder!"

"Yes."

"Breaks down strong men, wrecks our youths, despoils our homes and ruins our happiness."

"Yes."

"Well, my friend," continued the benign as he laid a fatherly hand on the other's shoulder, "let me trust that you, at least, will never darken the door of this den of infamy. You look like an honest, truthful, sober man, and I wish you would promise to do so."

"I couldn't," was the reply. "I couldn't possibly do it, as I'm the man who owns and runs the den."

M. Q. A. D.

"Torment shall continue in fester as the more refined of a material for ordinary ornamentation for the reason that it suits the Greek style, and can be worked into so many different styles of ornament. How much prettier and more suitable it is to a young lady's outfit than off with a fancy shawl or one of those things that are so common."

"Oh! That was it? Went to a nabob's, eh? Well, Mr. Renovator, I know you must be worked and worried almost to death, and if you get it around to-morrow it will be all right."

The Spring Medicine.

My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do anything. I was so tired and so nervous that I could not do anything. I was so tired and so nervous that I could not do anything.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Jet Is Dressed and Always in Favor—Invisible Hair Nets Will Be in Demand—Tortoise Shell Better than Other Hair Ornaments—Style in Farnolds.

Jet retains the favor it has enjoyed for some years. It is dressy and the most effective ornament of a black dress or a black hat. Modern fashions make it also a favorite on light colored dresses or bouquets. On cloth dresses black or light jet is also used, chiefly in hair, beautiful designs which cover the whole front length or the side of a skirt, also covering the sleeves, and are reproduced in smaller sized design on the plastron and standing collar, the smart collar and girlie. This style of trimmings are exact imitations of antique cording, in which the blue mohair or silk cord is replaced by jet.

In answer.

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"I hain't neither!" added the old man. "I've just went and lost an all-fired big silver dollar through this infernal hole in my pocket!"

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